

READINGS BOOKLET



GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 33

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

June 1987

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**GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 33**

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

READINGS BOOKLET

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

Part B of the English 33 Diploma Examination has 70 questions in the Questions Booklet and nine reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

BE SURE THAT YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 33 QUESTIONS BOOKLET AND AN ENGLISH 33 READINGS BOOKLET.

YOU WILL HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

JUNE 1987

- I. Read "The 50-Dollar Broken Heart" and answer questions 1 to 9 from your Questions Booklet.

THE 50-DOLLAR BROKEN HEART

My first date was a big thing in my life. It is for a lot of girls. It was a little different for me, though. I was 16, and my friends had been dating for at least two years. I had met some nice guys while working on school projects. But I'd never had a real get-me, bring-me-home date.

5 There is a reason for this. It isn't that I am a dum-dum or shy — nothing that normal. It is just that I have two lousy eyes. I was born this way. Even with surgery and ugly thick glasses, I am almost blind. It's not surprising that boys do not exactly run after me. I am a great gal for a cousin or a partner on a school project. But for a date?

10 Okay, so I'm not the foxiest. But I do have nice hair, lots of white teeth, a quick smile, and, they tell me, a sense of humor. Besides that, I'm slow on self-pity. I feel pretty good about myself.

It may surprise you that my most lonesome feeling didn't come from looking in a mirror. Nor pretending not to hear, "Miss Four Eyes" or "Freak Face." Nor trying for the thousandth time to walk down steps with head up, hands down, and feet close together. You'd never guess. It was in the third grade, when I'd always be the last one chosen for sides in jump rope!

15 But that was a long time ago. And what I'm getting at is my first date. So I won't keep you in suspense, the way stories are supposed to. I'll tell you who he was right away.

20 Jim Koeppen had always been great to me. He was five years older and lived four houses down the block. When I was very little, I remember his stopping to say "Hi" when he delivered our paper. Once, he was going by with a gang of boys. He saw that I was hunting for the ball I'd been playing with. He stopped, crawled under a bush, and handed me the ball. Then, with a "See you later," he went off to the baseball field. He used to take me to the main street of our town when Santa Claus appeared. He'd make sure I was near the front of the line to get free candy.

30 Now he was in college. He had everything going for him, including super looks.

I had come home late from school. And there he was at the dinner table, talking to Mom and Dad.

After dinner, Jim asked, "Do you have a date for the Senior Prom, kid?"

35 I said, "No way."
He said, "How about going with me?"

I laughed and told him to quit teasing me. But he said, "I'm serious." And that's how it started.

So I did all the things girls do. I got a beautiful formal dress and matching shoes. I dreamed a lot. I practiced dance steps.

40 In the back of my mind, I wondered if I would really go. Would he really show up? But he did. Right on time, too.

I was putting on a bracelet when I heard Jim's car whip into the driveway. I got my shawl. Then I walked carefully downstairs.

Continued

Jim smiled his great smile and said, "Wow!" Then he gave me some flowers
45 — lilies of the valley and violets. Act One was a great success.

I had never known this kind of envy before. I mean people envying *me*. It was frightening. It was thrilling. I knew that life just wasn't this perfect, and yet it was. I wanted it to go on and on.

Jim danced only with me. And he seemed to enjoy it. At the punch bowl,
50 I introduced him to my good-looking English teacher, Miss Stephens. I persuaded him to dance with her. But he came right back after the dance. Then he whirled me onto the floor, saying, "If anyone cuts in, say we're Siamese twins!"

Before we went home, I went to the ladies' lounge. My friends were all talking about my date. They asked me where we were going after the dance. And
55 they suggested that we join them.

The teachers were talking in the outer lounge. I left the group to say good-bye to my English teacher. As I got to the open door, I heard her voice. She was saying, "And Jane's father paid him 50 bucks to bring her here and show her a good time."

60 Luckily, she didn't see me. I ran down the hall and leaned against a locker. Finally, I caught my breath and went to meet Jim at the door.

He acted the same way he always had. It was hard not to think it wasn't a joke. Some horrible mistake. But a mistake could not have been so cruel. It could not have been plotted with such cunning.

65 Jim's car whipped through the night air. I must have said the right meaningless things. I don't remember.

Finally, I was home. And sure enough, there was Dad, sitting in the family room with a book in his hands. But he was really waiting up for his darling daughter.

70 Jim's car drew away very quickly. Was Jim dreaming about the good-looking Miss Stephens? I'd never know that. But I knew that the evening had turned into a horrible mess. And I knew I could never tell anyone.

"Did you have a good time, Jane?"

75 "A marvelous time, Dad!" I even managed to kiss him before I went up to my bedroom.

So, now I am sitting at my desk. I'm ready to pull the last page from a primary type machine for the almost-blind.

Miss Stephens gave me this writing assignment. She said, "Make it true. Describe an experience that somehow has affected your attitudes and behavior."

80 Well, Miss Stephens, here it is. And you know what? I don't even hate you. But I wish it weren't the truth. I wish it were all a big fat fake.

Sally Cremeens

II. Read “Blood and Water” and answer questions 10 to 15 from your Questions Booklet.

BLOOD AND WATER

I often wondered what it would be like
To have a step-child,
And now I think I know;
I got her by marriage
5 Though not in the usual way,
This child of mine is almost eighty now,
And I am forty-eight.

“Blood is thicker than water,”
My mother used to tell me,
10 And I hated to hear her say it,
I didn’t know what it meant,
For one thing,
And it sounded ugly.

But now, unnerved, I’m beginning
15 To wonder
If it’s true,
How else can I explain
The way I feel
Toward this patient creature
20 Who never harmed anyone
In her life
Especially me?

She was given to me,
I didn’t ask for her,
25 And her daily presence
Makes me want to run,
Friends marvel at how well
I treat her
As if they were talking about
30 A farmer
With a worn-out old work horse.

Continued

- And so we stay together
This meek-faced, uncomplaining step-child
And me,
35 And what I feel for her
Is a mixture
Of pity, irritation, and more pity,
But never love.
- As I serve her meals and wash
40 Her shameful laundry,
And try to talk to her
(The hardest thing of all),
I realize with terror
That she loves me,
45 Why doesn't blood and water
Work for her?

Helen Porter

III. Read the excerpt from *Man of La Mancha* and answer questions 16 to 27 from your Questions Booklet.

from MAN OF LA MANCHA

CHARACTERS:

Captain of the Inquisition¹ – prisoner escort

Cervantes – former actor, now prisoner

Manservant – Cervantes' servant

The Governor – prisoner who has seized authority within the prison

The Duke – another prisoner

Prisoners

Setting: The common room of a stone prison in Spain at the end of the 16th century. Some of the PRISONERS lie huddled in the shadows. The door at the head of the stairway opens. A little procession descends: first a uniformed CAPTAIN OF THE INQUISITION; then a SOLDIER or two assisting a chubby MANSERVANT with a sizable but shabby straw trunk; then CERVANTES himself. CERVANTES is tall and thin, a man of gentle dignity and humor. He is carrying a wrapped oblong package under one arm. CERVANTES peers about, uncertainly.

CAPTAIN (*Watching CERVANTES; sardonically*): Anything wrong? The accommodations?

CERVANTES: No, no, they appear quite . . . interesting.

CAPTAIN: The cells are below. This is the common room, for those who wait.

5 **CERVANTES**: How long do they wait?

CAPTAIN: Some an hour . . . some a lifetime . . .

CERVANTES: Do they all await the Inquisition?

CAPTAIN: Ah, no, these are merely thieves and murderers. (*Starting to leave*) If you need anything, just shout. (*An afterthought*) If you're able. (*He goes and the stairway is withdrawn.*)

10

MANSERVANT (*Apprehensively*): What did he mean by that?

CERVANTES: Calm yourself. There is a remedy for everything but death.

MANSERVANT: That could be the very one we need!

15

(*The PRISONERS are moving, circling, approaching like animals who scent prey.*)

CERVANTES (*With great courtliness*): Good morning, gentlemen . . . ladies. I regret being thrust upon you in this manner, and hope you will not find my company objectionable. In any case I shall not be among you very long. The Inquisition —

20

(*With a yell, the PRISONERS attack. CERVANTES and the MANSERVANT are seized, tripped up, pinned to the floor. The PRISONERS are busily rifling their pockets as THE GOVERNOR, a big man of obvious authority, awakens from sleep.*)

Continued

¹Inquisition — i.e. The Spanish Inquisition — religious persecution which took place during the 15th - 16th centuries

- THE GOVERNOR** (*In a roar*): Enough! Noise, trouble, fights . . . kill each other
 25 if you must but for goodness' sake, do it quietly! (*To CERVANTES*) Who
 are you? Eh? Speak up!
- CERVANTES** (*Gasping as his throat is freed*): Cervantes. Don Miguel de Cervantes.
- THE GOVERNOR** (*With mock respect*): A gentleman!
- CERVANTES** (*Painfully getting to his feet*): It has never saved me from going
 30 to bed hungry.
- THE GOVERNOR** (*Indicating the MANSERVANT*): And that?
- CERVANTES**: My servant. May I have the honor —?
- THE GOVERNOR**: They call me The Governor. What's your game?
- CERVANTES**: My game . . . ?
- 35 **THE GOVERNOR** (*Impatiently*): Your specialty, man. Cutpurse? Highwayman?
- CERVANTES**: Oh, nothing so interesting! I am a poet.
- THE DUKE** (*A prisoner of draggle-tail elegance*): They're putting men in prison
 for that?
- CERVANTES**: No, no, not for that.
- 40 **THE DUKE** (*Sardonically*): Too bad!
- THE GOVERNOR** (*Clapping his hands*): Well, let's get on with the trial!
- CERVANTES** (*As he is seized by two of the more villainous-looking PRISONERS*):
 Excuse me, sir. What trial?
- THE GOVERNOR**: Yours, of course.
- 45 **CERVANTES**: But what have I done?
- THE GOVERNOR**: We'll find something.
- CERVANTES**: You don't seem to understand. I'll only be here a few —
- THE GOVERNOR** (*Patient but firm*): My dear sir, no one enters or leaves this
 prison without being tried by his fellow prisoners.
- 50 **CERVANTES**: And if I'm found guilty?
- THE GOVERNOR**: Oh, you will be.
- CERVANTES**: What sort of sentence . . . ?
- THE GOVERNOR**: We generally fine a prisoner all his possessions.
- CERVANTES** (*Hard-hit*): All of them . . .
- 55 **THE GOVERNOR**: Well, it's not practical to take more.
- CERVANTES**: One moment! These things are my livelihood.
- THE GOVERNOR** (*Puzzled*): I thought you said you were a poet.
- CERVANTES**: Of the theater!
- THE GOVERNOR** (*Crossing to the trunk, digs out a sword and pulls it from its
 scabbard*): False!
- 60 **CERVANTES**: Costumes and properties. You see, actually I am a playwright
 and an actor. So of course these poor things could not possibly be of any
 use to . . . to . . . (*He comes to a halt, reading the hostile faces. He makes
 a sudden grab for the sword, but THE GOVERNOR tosses it over his head
 65 to another PRISONER. A cruel game ensues, the PRISONERS plundering the
 contents of the trunk, tossing them about as CERVANTES and the
 MANSERVANT stumble about, trying vainly to retrieve them.*)
- CERVANTES** (*Panting, realizing the futility*): Very well — take them.
- MANSERVANT**: Oh, no, Master!
- 70 **CERVANTES**: Take them, take them I say. Only leave me — (*Clutching the
 package to him*) — this.
 (*THE DUKE adroitly snatches the package from him, tosses it to THE
 GOVERNOR, who catches it and weighs it in his hands.*)

Continued

- THE GOVERNOR:** Heavy! (*Shrewdly*) Valuable?
- 75 **CERVANTES:** To me!
- THE GOVERNOR:** We might let you ransom it.
- CERVANTES:** I have no money.
- THE GOVERNOR:** How unfortunate. (*Tears it open; angrily*) Paper!
- CERVANTES:** Manuscript!
- 80 **THE GOVERNOR:** Still worthless. (*He strides toward the fire with the intention of throwing the package in.*)
- CERVANTES** (*Desperately*): Wait! You spoke of a trial. By your own word, I must be given a trial!
- THE GOVERNOR** (*Hesitating; then peevishly*): Oh, very well. I hereby declare this court in session! (*CERVANTES and the MANSERVANT are shoved into an improvised dock, and the "court" arranges itself.*) Now, then. What are you here for?
- CERVANTES:** I am to appear before the Inquisition.
(*There is a stir among the PRISONERS, one or two of whom cross themselves.*)
- 90 **THE GOVERNOR:** Heresy?²
- CERVANTES:** Not exactly. You see, I had been employed by the government as a tax-collector . . .
- THE GOVERNOR:** Poet, actor, tax-collector?
- CERVANTES:** A temporary thing to keep us from starvation.
- 95 **THE GOVERNOR:** How does a tax-collector get in trouble with the Inquisition?
- CERVANTES:** I made an assessment against the monastery of La Merced. When they wouldn't pay, I issued a lien on the property.
- THE GOVERNOR:** You did *what*?
- MANSERVANT:** He foreclosed on a church.
- 100 **THE GOVERNOR:** But why are *you* here?
- MANSERVANT** (*Dolefully*): Someone had to serve the papers. (*With his thumb he indicates himself.*)
- THE GOVERNOR:** These two have empty rooms in their heads!
- CERVANTES:** The law says treat everyone equally. We only obeyed the law!
- 105 **THE DUKE:** Governor, if you don't mind, *I* should like to prosecute this case.
- THE GOVERNOR:** Why?
- THE DUKE:** Let us say I dislike stupidity. Especially when it masquerades as virtue. Miguel de Cervantes! I charge you with being an idealist, a bad poet, and an honest man. How plead you?
- 110 **CERVANTES** (*Considering a moment*): Guilty.
- THE GOVERNOR:** Bravo! (*He rises, crossing toward the fire once more.*)
- CERVANTES:** Your Excellency! What about my defense?
- THE GOVERNOR** (*Pausing; puzzled*): But you just pleaded guilty.
- CERVANTES** (*With charm*): Had I said "innocent" you surely would have found me guilty. Since I have admitted guilt, the court is required to hear me out.
- 115 **THE GOVERNOR:** For what purpose?
- CERVANTES:** The jury may choose to be lenient.
- THE GOVERNOR** (*Thinks, then chuckles appreciatively*): Clever!
- THE DUKE:** He is trying to gain time!
- 120 **CERVANTES:** Do you have a scarcity of *that*?

Continued

²heresy — an opinion contrary to church beliefs

THE GOVERNOR (*To the PRISONERS*): Any urgent appointments?
(*A groan for answer. He waves CERVANTES to continue.*)

CERVANTES: It is true I am guilty of these charges. An idealist? Well, I have never had the courage to believe in nothing. A bad poet? This comes more
125 painfully . . . still . . . (*He makes a wry gesture of acquiescence.*)

THE GOVERNOR (*Skeptically*): Have you finished your defense?

CERVANTES: Ah, no, scarce begun! If you've no objection I should like to continue in the manner I know best . . . in the form of a charade —

THE DUKE: Charade?

130 **CERVANTES**: An entertainment, if you will —

THE GOVERNOR (*Intrigued*): Entertainment!

CERVANTES: At worst it may beguile your time. And since my cast of characters is large, I call upon all here to enter in, to play whatever roles —

THE DUKE (*Hotly*): Governor! I should like to protest!

135 **THE GOVERNOR**: No, no, let's hear him out!

CERVANTES: Then . . . with your kind permission . . . may I set the stage?

Dale Wasserman, Joe Darion, Mitch Leigh

IV. Read "The 51-Per-Cent Minority" and answer questions 28 to 34 from your Questions Booklet.

THE 51-PER-CENT MINORITY

This article appeared in Maclean's magazine in January 1980. At the time of publication the writer, Doris Anderson, was president of the Canadian Advisory Council on the Status of Women.

In any Canadian election the public will probably be hammered numb with talk of the economy, energy and other current issues. But there will always be some far more startling topics that no one will talk about at all.

5 No one is going to say to all new Canadians: "Look, we're going through some tough times. Three out of four of you had better face the fact that you're always going to be poor. At 65 more than likely you'll be living below the poverty level."

10 And no one is going to tell Quebecers: "You will have to get along on less money than the rest of the country. For every \$1 the rest of us earn, you, because you live in Quebec, will earn 61 cents."

I doubt very much that any political party is going to level with the Atlantic provinces and say: "We don't consider people living there serious prime workers. Forget about any special measures to make jobs for you. In fact in future federal-provincial talks we're not even going to discuss your particular employment problems."

15 And no politician is going to tell all the left-handed people in the country: "Look, we know it looks like discrimination, but we have to save some money somewhere. So, although you will go on paying unemployment insurance at the same rates as everyone else, if you get laid off your job, you'll only collect 50 per cent of your salary, whereas everyone else will collect 66 per cent."

20 And no one is going to say to Canadian doctors: "We know you perform one of the most important jobs any citizen can perform, but from now on you're going to have to get along without any support systems. All hospital equipment and help will be drastically reduced. We believe a good doctor should instinctively know what to do — or you're in the wrong job. If you're really dedicated you'll get along."

As for blacks: "Because of the color of your skin, you're going to be paid less than the white person next to you who is doing exactly the same job. It's tough but that's the way it is."

30 As for Catholics: "You're just going to have to understand that you will be beaten up by people with other religious beliefs quite regularly. Even if your assailant threatens to kill you, you can't do anything about it. After all, we all need some escape valves, don't we?"

Does all of the above sound like some nightmare where Orwellian¹ forces have taken over? Well, it's not. It's all happening right now, in Canada.

35 It's not happening to new Canadians, Quebecers, residents of the Atlantic provinces, left-handed people, doctors, blacks or Indians. If it were, there would

Continued

¹Orwellian — totalitarian, controlling all aspects of society

40 be riots in the streets. Civil libertarians would be howling for justice. But all of these discriminatory practices are being inflicted on women today in Canada as a matter of course.

Most women work at two jobs — one inside the home and one outside. Yet three out of four women who become widowed or divorced or have never married live out their old age in poverty. And the situation is going to get worse.

45 Women workers earn, on an average, only 61 cents for every \$1 a man gets — even though on an average, women are better educated than men.

And when governments start talking about basing unemployment insurance on family income or introducing the two-tier system of family income, they mean women will pay the same rates as other Canadians but if they lose their jobs, they will collect less, or may not collect at all.

50 What politician could possibly tell doctors to train each other and get along without all their high technology and trained help? Yet a more important job than saving lives is surely creating lives. But mothers get no training, no help in the way of more than a token family allowance, inadequate day-care centres, and almost nonexistent after-school programs.

55 No politician would dream of telling blacks they must automatically earn less than other people. But women sales clerks, waitresses and hospital orderlies almost always earn less than males doing the same jobs. It would be called discrimination if a member of a religious group was beaten up, and the assailant would be jailed. But hundreds of wives get beaten by their husbands week in and week out, year after year. Some die, yet society acts as though it isn't happening at all.

60 Women make up 51 per cent of the population of this country. Think of the kind of clout they could have if they used it at the polls. But to listen to the political parties, the woman voter just doesn't exist. When politicians talk to fishing folk they talk about improved processing plants and new docks. When they talk to wheat farmers they talk of better transportation and higher price supports. When they talk to people in the Atlantic provinces they talk about new federal money for buildings and more incentives for secondary industry. When they talk to ethnic groups they talk about better language training courses. But when they think of women — if they do at all — they assume women will vote exactly as their husbands — so why waste time offering them anything? It's mind-boggling to contemplate, though, how all those discriminatory practices would be swept aside if, instead of women, we were Italian, or black, or lived in Quebec or the Atlantic provinces.

Doris Anderson

V. Read "Ms. Buxley?" and answer questions 35 to 43 from your Questions Booklet.

MS. BUXLEY?

This article appeared in The Atlantic magazine in December 1984.

Perhaps you have noticed and perhaps you have not, but in the past few weeks a change — appalling to some, overdue in the opinion of others — has occurred in a venerable corner of the nation's funny papers. The change involves a character in Mort Walker's comic strip *Beetle Bailey*, and I'll come back to it in a moment.

Mort Walker has been a nationally syndicated cartoonist for three and a half decades. He is the creator not only of *Beetle Bailey* (1950), which currently appears in some 1,500 newspapers in forty-three countries, but also of *Hi & Lois*, *Boner's Ark*, *Sam & Silo*, and *The Evermores*. He is one of the founders of the Museum of Cartoon Art, in Rye Brook, New York. He displays a historian's interest in the craft, art, or profession (whichever it is) of cartooning, and has assiduously¹ sought to ensure its healthy future. In 1970 Walker helped to decisively breach the color barrier in the comics by adding a hip, Afro-sporting black, Lieutenant Flap, to the cast of regulars at Camp Swampy.

There have always been barriers of one sort or another in the funnies; as times change, and as old barriers are torn down, new ones invariably go up. Taboos do not gladly suffer a vacuum. I spoke with Walker about this very matter a year ago, in the studio at his Connecticut home — the omphalos² of his comics empire.

"When I first started, you couldn't mention divorce or death," Walker said. "You couldn't show smelly socks. You couldn't show a snake. They took a skunk out of my strip one time. In certain parts of the country you couldn't show anybody smoking. In Salt Lake City, if a guy was shown smoking a pipe, they'd simply white it out and leave the guy with his hand stuck out in the air for no reason at all. They would paint out cigarettes. Belly buttons were a big battle of mine. Down at the syndicate they would clip them out with a razor blade. I began putting so many of them in, in the margins and everywhere, that they had a little box down there called Beetle Bailey's Belly-Button Box. The editors finally gave up after I did one strip showing a delivery of navel oranges.

"There's still quite a lot of feeling about violence. In *Dick Tracy*, if someone is shot and the strip shows blood, there are editors who will paint it out. And there are still taboos about sex and sexual inferences.

"In 1971 I gave General Halftrack a sexy secretary named Miss Buxley. The feminists have been after me about her quite a bit. According to them, Miss Buxley is a stereotype of a dumb blonde secretary. Actually, I patterned her after Marilyn Monroe. I tried to keep an air of innocence, as if she doesn't know what she's got. She just wears these little dresses because she feels good in them, and even

Continued

¹assiduously — with care

²omphalos — central point

though they reveal a lot she doesn't notice she's revealing anything. There are a lot of feminists around now and a lot of them work on newspapers and a number of them got their editors to drop my strip — I think about seven papers went through this — or to leave it out when Miss Buxley was in it. My argument is that I'm really showing how silly the *General* is when he acts in a male-chauvinist fashion."

The criticism of Miss Buxley, which originated in the pages of *The Minneapolis Tribune*, in 1981, soon crept into *Vogue* and onto *Today*. It did not let up. A number of newspapers polled their readers specifically on their reactions to General Halftrack's secretary. Although these surveys consistently revealed that most fans did not give a hoot, a vocal minority of readers demanded or endorsed censorship. ("Do away with the strip altogether," advised Ms. V.T., a member of the psychology department at Winthrop College, in Rock Hill, South Carolina; "I am sick and tired of this humiliating garbage," wrote Ms. M.D., of Tallahassee, Florida.)

Finally, Walker decided to throw in the towel. He decreed that Miss Buxley, the succulent ingenue, should undergo a subtle metamorphosis; from her pupa would emerge a competent professional secretary. Walker made his decision last July. But because he had already written and drawn three months' worth of strips, the revamped Miss Buxley did not make her debut until November.

The old Miss Buxley was a lissome airhead. In one strip Amos Halftrack described her as "just my receptionist, an ordinary, sweet, young, personable, nice-looking, long-haired, dark-eyed, well-built, soft-skinned, bouncy little . . ." — the General slobbered into incoherence before he could complete the résumé. If called upon to take dictation, Miss Buxley would typically forget her notebook. "Oops. I'm just not all here today," she once apologized. General Halftrack, watching her wiggle out the door, confided to an aide: "If there was any more of her here I don't think I could take it." This episode was the first to be yanked by the offended editors of the *Tribune*.

The new Miss Buxley, as Mort Walker describes her, "wears clothing appropriate for the office." He says that she's still a dish, "but she's a covered dish, and beneath that beautiful body there's a brain." No more pouty insouciance.³ No more blithe acceptance of General Halftrack's salacious⁴ glances. Miss Buxley will be taking courses to improve her secretarial skills, and when asked by the General about what she has learned, will reply with a line like "How to file a sexual-harassment complaint." Walker's daughter Margie, to ensure that her father's commitment to heightened awareness continues, will review any episode of *Beetle Bailey* in which Miss Buxley — perhaps soon to be Ms. Buxley — appears. The cartoonist's fondest wish at this point is for "the feminists to get off my back." As it stands right now, he says, "they want me off the face of the earth."

Maybe feminists should get off Walker's back and, perhaps more to the point, maybe they actually will. But let's be frank: by the standards being applied, Mort Walker has a lot more than Miss Buxley to answer for. *Beetle Bailey*, after all, did not poke fun solely at old goats and buxom office workers. It also made light — and still does — of being overweight, dumb, plain, drunk, and lazy, which

Continued

³insouciance — freedom from care or concern

⁴salacious — lustful, lecherous

may at times offend some people, like me, in three or four different ways at once. *Beetle Bailey* ridicules bureaucrats and brown-nosers, losers and lotharios,⁵ bulldogs and bald people. It mocks, with relish, both authority and resistance, duty and irresponsibility, intelligence and witlessness. It treats America's men in uniform with disrespect.

Where, pray, shall we draw the line? It would be best, I think, to leave the drawing (of both the line and the comic strip) up to the cartoonist, and to recognize his role for what it is. Lord Byron wrote, "And if I laugh at any mortal thing/
90 'Tis that I may not weep." In a perfect world comic strips would not be very funny. But such a world, to my mind, would thus be far from perfect.

Cullen Murphy

⁵lotharios — seducers of women

- VI. Read the following materials about Robin's involvement as secretary of the Nalwen Arts and Recreation Complex Development Committee and answer questions 44 to 51 from your Questions Booklet.

Robin and several other members of the Nalwen High School Alumni Association have formed a committee to propose the development of an arts and recreation complex for Nalwen. The following materials are some of the committee's working documents:

- T. Robin's letter seeking information from the Oakville Arts Center
- U. The Oakville Arts Center's letter of response
- V. The development committee's operating principles and purposes for the Nalwen Arts and Recreation Complex
- W. A chart outlining the services requested by the community
- X. Some books from the Nalwen Arts and Recreation Complex Development Committee's research library
- Y. A petition of support signed by 3 000 of the 15 000 Nalwen and vicinity residents
- Z. A proposed floor plan and front elevation of the complex

T. Robin's letter seeking information from the Oakville Arts Center

May 20, 1987

Dear Mr. Smith :

Members of the Nalwen High School Alumni Association, including myself, are interested in forming a committee that will propose the development of an arts and recreation complex for the city of Nalwen, Alberta.

We have all heard of your excellent facility in Oakville, Manitoba, that was developed by a similar committee. We are especially impressed by the fact that the Oakville Arts Center has been financially self-sufficient from its beginning, in part because of its extensive use of local volunteers. We hope that you will be able to share some of your expertise with us so that the community of Nalwen, Alberta, can take pride in having a viable and active arts and recreation complex of its own some time in the near future. Any information that you could send us would be most appreciated.

Sincerely,

Robin Brown

Nalwen High School Alumni Association

U. The Oakville Arts Center's letter of response

June 3, 1987

Dear Robin Brown:

As manager of the Oakville Arts Center, I am delighted to be able to reply to your request for information that will assist you in your endeavors to establish an arts and recreation complex for the residents of Nalwen, Alberta, and vicinity. I am sure that you will find the experiences of our Oakville group in proposing and successfully establishing a similar facility most instructive.

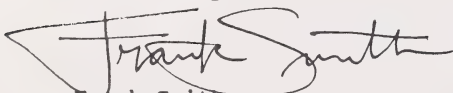
From our experience we have learned that there are four steps in the "proposal" phase of establishing a complex like the one referred to in your letter. These steps are as follows:

1. *Organization* -- Like-minded individuals must form a committee complete with a charter and operating principles to guide them in their task of developing a complex.
2. *Assessment of Community Need* -- It is important for the committee to determine whether or not the general community supports the development of a complex and sees a need for its services. Advantages to be gained by the community must also be determined.
3. *Planning* -- Once community support has been achieved and community needs identified, the committee must develop a plan that will take into consideration the types of services to be offered, the facility (building or buildings) to be used, and the cost and financing of the complex.
4. *Formal Proposal* -- The committee must write a formal, detailed request to City Council and must schedule a time for making an oral presentation that will be considered by elected officials.

I am sure that you will find these steps helpful in managing your task. If you need further information please write, or call me at (555) 777-1234.

Good luck in your endeavors!

Yours truly,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Frank Smith', written over a large, stylized, looped flourish that extends to the left.

Frank Smith
Manager, Oakville Arts Center

V. The development committee's operating principles and purposes for the Nalwen Arts and Recreation Complex

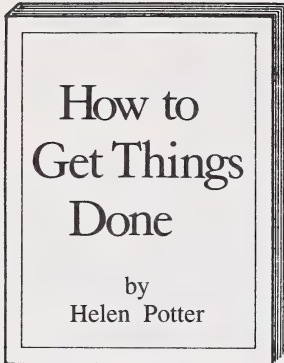
We, the charter members of the Nalwen Arts and Recreation Association, do hereby commit our talents and resources to the development of an arts and recreation complex governed by the following OPERATING PRINCIPLES AND PURPOSES:

1. To meet the artistic and recreational needs of the residents of Nalwen and vicinity by providing high quality service
2. To make maximum use of local resources and manpower in the development and maintenance of the complex
3. To strive for excellence by instituting an ongoing system of evaluation of staff, facilities, and services
4. To establish financial self-sufficiency by adhering to a "user pay" system and by making utmost use of volunteers

W. A chart outlining the services requested by the community

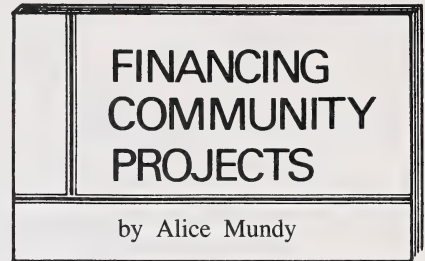
Type of Service	Age Category	
	Youth and Teen	Adult and Senior
Theatrical, Musical, and Visual Arts	Music Lessons Puppet Theatre Contemporary Theatre Sculpture/Photography	Music Lessons Musical Theatre Shakespearean Repertory Oil Painting/Film
Dance	Modern Dance Jazz/Ballet Friday Night Dance	Ballroom Dancing
Social Clubs	Beavers, Cubs, Scouts Brownies, Guides Teen Drop-In Center	Kinsmen, Lions, Elks Optimists Club Seniors-at-Large
Special Interest Clubs	Young Coin and Stamp Collectors Volunteers Model Railroaders	Fine Food and Drink Association Lapidary Club Mothers'-Night-Out

X. Some books from the Nalwen Arts and Recreation Complex Development Committee's research library



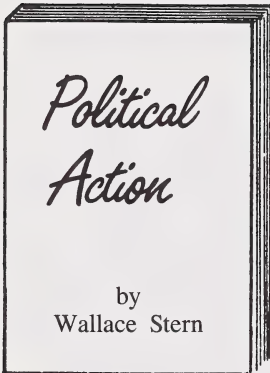
Contents:

- Management Techniques
- Examples of Successful Ventures



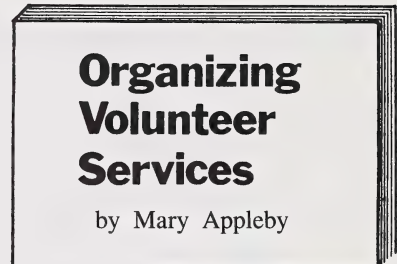
Contents:

- Cost-sharing
- Grants Systems
- Maintenance Costs
- Investing



Contents:

- Petitions
- Lobbying
- Campaigning
- Managing Public Opinion



Contents:

- Finding Volunteers
- Planning and Managing Volunteers

Y. A petition of support signed by 3 000 of the 15 000 Nalwen and vicinity residents

We, the undersigned, do hereby demonstrate our support for the establishment of the NALWEN ARTS AND RECREATION COMPLEX and for the OPERATING PRINCIPLES AND PURPOSES of the Nalwen Arts and Recreation Association.

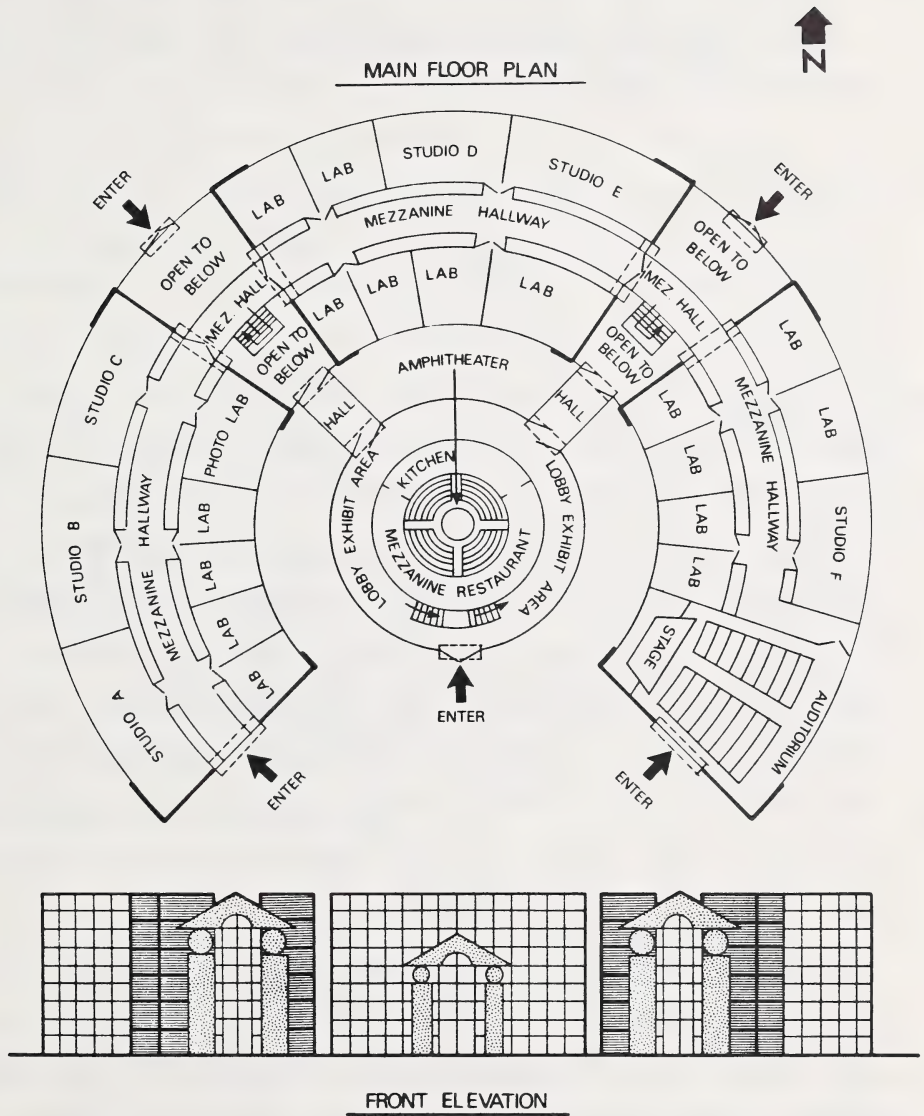
Name

Bill Sather
Helen McSorley
Heather Chabot

Address

7918 - 12 Ave.
#5, 5508 - 13 Street
11107 - 5 Ave.

Z. A proposed floor plan and front elevation of the complex



VII. The following paragraphs have been written by Robin on behalf of the Nalwen Arts and Recreation Complex Development Committee. After they are fully revised, Robin plans to use these paragraphs as part of a proposal to be put before Nalwen City Council. Read the paragraphs and answer questions 52 to 56 from your Questions Booklet.

Paragraph 1

It has been a matter of ^{concern} ~~shame and disgrace~~ for some years now that the ←
City of Nalwen is without proper artistic and recreational facilities. We do
not even have proper sports facilities. Indeed, Nalwen is the only city in
Alberta ^{lacking} ~~without~~ a formal arts and recreation association and facility. This ←
lack has been keenly felt by the citizens of Nalwen, the vast majority of whom
support the development of the Nalwen Arts and Recreation Complex. As proof
of this support we have attached a petition, signed by 3 000 residents of
Nalwen and vicinity. We worked very hard to compile this petition. In
addition, we have ~~also~~ attached a needs survey and assessment which helps to ←
establish a need for the complex and will also indicate the kinds of services
being requested by the citizens of Nalwen. The services are varied in nature
and consist of the following: Artistic (Theatrical, Musical, and Visual),
Dance, Social Clubs, and Special Interest Clubs. We hope, especially, that
the theatrical aspects of the complex meet with success. All ages of people
have expressed support for the complex. from youth to seniors There is every ←
indication that this facility will become a focal point for the community,
helping to foster community pride and unity. In the future, we hope to
propose the construction of a zoo.

Continued

Paragraph 2

We, the charter members of the Nalwen Arts and Recreation Association, on behalf of the residents of Nalwen, Alberta, and vicinity, ^{propose} ~~do hereby demand~~ that ←
Nalwen City Council approve, in principle, the establishment of the Nalwen Arts and Recreation Complex. We have established a need for the complex and have developed plans for financing and operating the facility.

Paragraph 3

We propose that the City of Nalwen finance the initial construction of the complex out of general revenue. The Nalwen Arts and Recreation Association plans to adopt many of the ^{proven} methods of a similar center in Oakville, Manitoba ←
which has been ^{financially} self-sufficient since its inception. We have ^{written to} ~~initiated a~~ ←
~~correspondence with~~ the Oakville Arts Center and have received detailed information and advice from this successful organization. Our plans to establish a "user-pay" system and to ^{utilize} ~~make maximum use of~~ volunteer staff ←
members are just some of the methods we propose to ensure financial independence for our local complex.

Paragraph 4

We have also ^{drawn} ~~done~~ a preliminary floor plan and sketch of the actual ←
building that will house the Nalwen Arts and Recreation Association's many services and have attached it for your ^{review} ~~admiration~~. Please remember that these ←
plans are only preliminary and that all details can be determined once you have granted approval and funding. We are confident that by working together, we can provide Nalwen with the facility it deserves.

VIII. Read “At 79th and Park” and answer questions 57 to 62 from your Questions Booklet.

AT 79th AND PARK

A cry! — someone is knocked
Down on the avenue;
People don't know what to do
When a walker lies, not breathing.

5 I watch, 10 storeys high,
Through the acetylene air:
He has been backed up over;
Still, the accident

10 Is hard to credit. A group
Of 14 gathers; the Fire
Department rains like bees,
Visored, black-striped on yellow

Batting, buzz — they clamber
Around that globule; somebody
15 Brings out a comforter¹
For shroud;² a woman's puce³

Scarf bobs, from my 10th-floor view,
Desperately; by the backed truck
An arm explains, hacks air
20 In desperation, though no

One takes much notice. As through
A pail of glass, I see —
Far down — an ambulance,
A doctor come; they slide

25 Away the stretcher. . . . In minutes
The piston-arm, the truck,
Puce, police, bees, group
All have been vacuumed up.

Barbara Howes

¹comforter — a quilt

²shroud — a covering for the dead

³puce — a dark red color

IX. Read "Truda" and answer questions 63 to 70 from your Questions Booklet.

TRUDA

"It's time to do something about all your drawings," Mika said to Truda. She knelt on the floor searching the bottom of the bedroom closet for plastic raincoats and hats. "Cloudy, possible showers this morning, some sunny patches in the southern regions, above normal temperatures," the announcer said. The radio in Mika's bedroom was turned up loud. Mika backed from the closet with a roll of Truda's drawings in her hand.

"Look at this mess, will you? You can't keep these drawings forever. The wax in the crayons will attract mice."

Mice had moved into the house during the flood, taking over the top floor, eating all of Mika's plants down to the earth in the pots and burrowing inside to get at the roots. Mice had chewed holes in their curtains, pulled strips of wallpaper loose from around the baseboards, gnawed at the plaster beneath, leaving behind hollows lined with delicate grooves like veins in a leaf. The mice had also left behind a furry smell, a grey mouldy odour that Mika scrubbed free with Lysol. Mika had worked diligently, had reclaimed the house from the flood waters, and the mice had been banished, nothing of them remained except for the imagined fine whiskers twitching in the corners, the soft scurrying in the dust beneath the bed at night.

"I don't think mice like wax," Truda said.

"Mice or no mice, you can't keep all these drawings. It's getting out of hand. That's all you do, day and night, and it's not good for your eyes."

Truda was the only Laffreniere to wear glasses. Her mother couldn't understand it. Lack of carrots, her father said. Not only do carrots give you good eyesight, they also give you hair on your chest. Look at me, Maurice said, living proof. Swallow a fruit pit and a tree will grow inside, bee stings are really smooches for sweet children. Truda doubted it. She knew the reason for her poor eyesight. At one time, she'd cried too much.

Mika unrolled the drawings and spread them across the floor. "Where did you ever get all the paper?" she asked. She was practical, wondered more about the gathering of paper rather than why or what was in the drawings.

Truda couldn't decide whether or not to answer. She ran her tongue across her top teeth to keep the words inside. It was still easier for her to remain silent than it was to speak. When she sat at the washstand on her stool facing the window drawing pictures, she could go the whole day without speaking to anyone.

"From the bakeshop. The girl gave it to me."

"You crossed the highway alone?"

Caught. Truda felt sweat on her palms. Words were traps. "Betty came with me."

"That's neither here nor there. You can't keep every single drawing. Pick out the best ones and throw the rest out."

"I can't."

"There's no such word as can't."

Then why did you just use it yourself, Truda wondered.

"I didn't say to get rid of all of them. Just some, okay? Where would I be

Continued

45 if everyone collected junk? Snowed under.” Mika began shuffling through the drawings as though looking for some redeemable quality that might justify keeping them. She looked for genius and saw crude shapes of houses, barns, farm machinery, gardens, chickens. She picked out a drawing, pointed to the figure of a young girl. “Is this you?” she asked. “Have you drawn yourself into the pictures? Is
50 that why you want to keep them?”

Of course it’s not me. How could she be so ridiculous? The girl had black curly hair, she didn’t wear glasses. “No, that’s not me.”

The pictures were drawings of the farm where she’d stayed during the flood. The girl was the one who’d been in the photograph on the piano with her eyes
55 closed, a circle of flowers in her hair. Truda gathered the drawings together quickly. But Mika’s attention had already begun to wander. “Where did I put those raincoats?” she asked herself. She got up from the floor and stepped over Truda. “Well, do what you want. But if you spent as much energy running and playing as you do on these drawings, then you wouldn’t be so fat.”

60 Truda didn’t mind. She knew her mother’s comment was punishment for not being agreeable, but she was able to keep the drawings. She listened as Mika went downstairs. She heard Lureen talking in the kitchen below. That was the way she liked the house to be. She preferred to be alone and still have people moving about, talking to each other.

Sandra Birdsell

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